Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous mã; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if man-hood, good man-hood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wool-sacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'le never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'le stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? i'le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last. Fal. All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hose,

Hose, my buckler cut thorow and thor
like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never de
man, all would not do. A plague of a
speake, if they speake more or lesse the
laines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs; how was it?

Ross. We foure set upon a dozen.

Fal. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, e
am a *Iew* else, an Hebrew *Iew*.

Ross. As we were sharing, some 6. o

Fal. And unbound the rest, and ther

Prin. What, fought ye with them a

Fal. All? I know not what you cal
with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Rad
two or three and fifty upon poore old
twoleg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you have not murth

Fal. Nay that's past praying for, I
them: Two I am sure I have payed, tw
sutes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee
me Horse: thou knowest my old word
bore my point: foure rogues in Buckro

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but t

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and
I made no more adoe, but tooke all th
target, thus:

Prin. Seven? why there were but fou

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom sutes.

Fal. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a v

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall

Fal. Dost thou heare me, *Hall*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37